## "S'Matter, Pop?" By C. M. Payne OO, MAMA PIN! WELL THEE! I TAN AW LOOK AT DOESN'T IT ZETS RUN DO, WILLIE! WEAR IT FOR THIS LITTLE MIGHT LOOK REAL! 00.00 AND SHOW LOOK AT FELLAH'S T DOES BUG PIN WEGULAR IT TO MAMA BREATH PIN MY BUG LOOK LIKE A THEAST BY GOLLIES, YA CANT TELL A JAP INVASION OH DEARIE, IF YOU HAD SEEN THE AWFUL BUG THEY CARRIED IN

1 60T IT! 1 60T IT!

I'LL TAKE IT HOME

THE KID

ARTHON

BELEVE ME . WHEN

יון דו פד אם

I GET A THING-I HANG

HEY MISTER!

WILL YA ? YOUSE

DON'T WANT IT

WELL! DO YOUSE

THINK YOUSE CAN KEEP DAT BALL !

WELL, YOU GOT A MERVE, KID! CF COURSE I WANT IT AN' I'M GOTAN WEET IT TOO!

IT CAN'T

BE DONE

## The Silent Bullet

An Absolutely NEW Type of Detective Story By Arthur B. Reeve

## CHAPTER X.

## The Black Hand.

was merely a cover to their really resties. A deep furrow running from the lobe of his ear to his mouth. That, I knew, was a brand set upon him by the Camorra. I sat and amoked and sipped slowly for several minutes, cursing him inwardly more for his presence than for his evident look of the "maio vita." At last he went out to sek the barkeeper for a stamp.

Quickly I tiptoed over to another corner of the room and ground the little bottle under my heel. Then I resumed my seat. The odor that pervaded the room was sickening.

The sinister-looking man with the scar carse in again and sniffed. Then the proprietor came in the control of the certain back and watched kennedy closely without seeming to do so. "When I was in Italy last year." he replied at leangth, "I did a good deal of work in tracing up some Camorra suspects. I had a tip about some of them to look up their record—I was a good one. Much of the evidence against some of

the outside from the back yard and in at a side window. It was at last done, however, without exciting suspicion, and Kennedy attached them to an oblions box of weathered oak and a pair of specially constructed dry batteries.

"Now," said Craig, as we washed off the stains of work and stowed the overalls back in the suitease, "that is done to my satisfaction. I can tell Gennaro to go ahead sately now and meet the Black Handers."

From Vincenzo's we walked over

From Vincenzo's we walked over toward Centre street, where Kennedy and I left Luigt to return to his restau-rant, with instructions to be at Vin-cenzo's at 11.39 that night.

CHAPTER X.

(Continued.)

The Black Hand.

ENTERED. There was a sinister-looking man, with a sort of unscrupulous intelligence, writing at a table. As he wrote and puffed at his cigar I noticed a scar on a deep furrow running from of his car to his mouth.

In the state of the s

The finds do leak, "granted Albano, "The finds again you good as well as a country of the finds of the finds

It Can't Be Done!

BLEACHERS TOO!

HEY KID! DID YOUSE

WAS HIT INTO THA CROWD OVER HERE?

> I AINT GOT IT OFFICER!

IT'S COMING INTO THE

Beauty Secrets By Made Of Famous Women

THE COMPLEXION OF LADY HAMILTON. FTER supper is over the distinguished company are invited to asset the blue drawing room of the great house of the English Ambase

A the blue drawing room of the great house of the English Amondon's Naples, where they are to witness the famous "Attitudes."

Court ladies are there and gentlemen in close attendance on the coverage of this tiny Italian kingdom. There also are wealthy art connoisecure and destinguished travellers from England and France. But undoubtedly the most except and talked about of all the guests in Capt. (afterward Lord) Nobes.

the gallant commander of the Agamemuon. He has been sent by his got to keep a sharp watch on the manoeuvres of the French fleet. Almost before the company is seated a beautiful woman in a Greek dress sters the room. The host, Sir William Hamilton, the Ambassador, hastens



parently just as pleasing to the eldering titudinizer, for is he not a well antiquary and patron of the fine so delights the company given by his wife, the young and beautiful Lady Hamilton?
This was in all probability the first

CLADY HAMILTON - meeting of Lord Nelson and the woman who was to have so great an influence over him and to whom he was to be a devoted slave as long as he lived. That she had very great beauty no one could question. Her mass of auburn hair was carelessly drawn back from a broad and well shaped forehead. Her big blue eyes sparkled with animation. Her small mouth with its short upper lip broke every now and then into the most distracting of smiles. Added to these attrac-tions were a brilliant complexion, good teeth and a fine figure. Her voice was extremely musical and she sang delightfully and played on the harpsichord.

while most fascinating of all were her high spirits. It was said of her that "she could, and often did, keep a roomful laughing for an hour together."

This young woman, so well favored by nature, who now occupied such a commanding social position in Naples that she had become the bosom friend of the Queen and shared all her confidences, was of very humble origin. Her father was a blacksmith in an obscure English village. In her younger days Emma Lyon had been a nursemaid and then a shop assistant. Her extreme beauty attracted the attention of a society lady, who made her a paid com-

ion. And in this position her handsome face attracted admirers by the score. She was painted by every celebrated artist of her day-Sir Joshua Re olds, Lawrence, Heppner and dozens of lesser lights, while Romney painted no

fewer than twenty-four portraits of her. Her beauty was entirely natural and owed little to the arts of the toffet. When her complexion began to fade, us it did rather early, as she never took the least care of herself and was exhere. I leave this world without being many times had to seem to be what he Many times, alas! his norse stumbled she employed quantities of rouge and consulted. Therefore, in the interim, was not. And the practice of DECEIT and fell, since its strength too was pearl powder to take the place of her MCE upon a time there was a very clever individual. He did many spiendid things. In the world of men he world of himself, for himself and by himself. He suffered many disappointments. And he was FAULTY, for it was made tried. In other words, even his own of himself, for himself, it that the suffered many disappointme

scarlet. Steep some cotton in this and

As this was long before the era of nineral dyes a comparatively harmless egetable coloring was the result of the ocess. But if the lovely Emma had

used the aniline dyes from modern wor-THE MAN WHO INSISTS ON HIS ruined. Finely powdered light carbonate of magnetia was then used for painting the neck and shoulders a snowy white, while the finest of starch or rice

powders performed the same office for the nose and chin. Before Emma Hamilton died, at the age of fifty-one, she nad become year fat and coarse looking. Even that panacea of the period against wrighten (powdered myrrh thrown on a red hot shovel) failed to keep the tell-tale lines.

BILLION DOLLARS has been Moroso's great New York story.







\$1,000,000,000 Lost in New York.

spent or gambled or badly invested, but lost. Has any one found it? Here is a clue:

He en the lookest for John A right to mine Book to